

# THE COURIER-GAZETTE.

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## LARKS ABROAD.

### BROWSINGS ABOUT IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

A Series of Remarkable Occurrences in Bandon—The Messenger From Over the Sea—How the Irish Open Their Hearts—A Genuine Reel—Some Characteristics—A Beautiful Country—Among the Nobility—How it Seems to be Entertained by a Countess.

(FOURTH LETTER.)

If you care to do so, and will look at your map of Ireland, you can trace the route we had marked out wherein we hoped to enjoy the beauties of southern Ireland. Starting from Cork by rail south through Bandon to Drinotague, to Glengarriff, over the mountains of Kerry to Kenmare, to Killarney, to Mallow, to Dublin. We found when we got over there that this is popularly known as the "Prince of Wales" route, because in 1838 his Royal Highness passed over it on his visit to Killarney, which afforded occasion for a Cork newspaper to gushingly state that "His Royal Highness and suite having recently selected this route indisputably stamps it as the most desirable and picturesque route for tourists." We had no idea we were choosing so wisely when we marked out this course, but it lifted us up and emboldened us, I think, to discover that our plans at the outset partook of such a princely aroma.

"An' sure," black-eyed Irish Norah had said, just before I started away, "when you get to Bandon, won't you stop a bit an' see my poor old mother?"

Indeed I would, and that was the reason the Judge and I got out of the train as it pulled up at the Bandon station and sought the next quaint appearing inn near by.

Bandon, one of the largest, best built and most respectably inhabited district towns in this country, is of very ancient origin. Spenser referred to it as "pleasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood." It lies on either side of a beautiful river bearing its name, a river in which trout and salmon plentifully abound. All around the pleasant valley rise stately hills shrouding their soft verdure, and marvelously pretty the scene appears to the visitor. Castle B. round, the seat of the Earl of Bandon, Lord Lieutenant of the county, is here, but our bill-of-fare embraces so wide a range of castles to be "done" in the future that we passed it by. The town now is distinguished for several large breweries and distilleries, whose tall chimneys we saw vomiting forth black smoke as we drove in.

#### AMONG THE NATIVES.

"Joint is on the table, sir," the girl remarked as she showed us to our room; and acting upon the hint we sat down in the old-fashioned dining-room—or coffee-room as they call it here—and filled ourselves to the chin.

"And where is Shannon street?" I inquired of the girl, as we leaned back in our chairs to rest.

"Sure sir, an' ye're on it now, jist," she answered with a broad smile, as if she was particularly pleased at our lack of information.

"And can you tell me if Mrs. Kelleher lives near by?" I pursued.

"Indeed she does, sir," the girl replied, the smile getting broader every minute. "Why, sir, it's not above three minutes' walk from here."

So, fortified by the dinner and ornamenting our faces with cigars, we sauntered slowly up the very narrow street, lined on either hand with long rows of low but neatly whitewashed houses. Over the half-doors of these, old women in white caps ever were leaning and beaming on us blandly as we passed along. Children of every size and style swarmed the cleanly pavement, and regarding the Judge and me as curiosities worthy of attention, dropped their childish sports for the moment and surveyed our good clothes with evident admiration depicted in their countenances. An occasional glimpse into some open door disclosed to us in many instances a single room with floor of mud, a few articles of furniture of the cheapest and plainest description and one or more babies in various stages of propagation. At times these interiors took on a more pretentious cast, but the babies, if I recollect distinctly, were never wanting. It was all very old and picturesque and swarmed a degree of enjoyment in the Yankee breast such as would be somewhat difficult if not indeed impossible to make my readers at home understand.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Kelleher's?" I said, addressing a bare-armed woman who had just picked up a bundle of baby that had rolled out of an open door.

"Right beant, sir," she cheerfully responded, unceremoniously tucking the baby under one arm, that she might the more freely point with the other.

On the corner of two streets opposite a public pump stood a small two-story structure, built of stone, of course, and plastered over with mortar of a yellow hue. Above the door appeared the name we were searching for. We pushed into a low, small shop, whose stock in trade consisted of baker's bread, milk and other domestic necessities, to which was added the dispensing of such liquors as the thirsty population might require and pay for. Behind a sort of bar were congregated a number of men and women whom I took to be friends of the house, and one of these, a stout proportioned lady with her hair combed very close about her head, stepped forward and wanted to know what we would have.

"Is this Mrs. Kelleher?" I asked.

(Instant attention on the part of the people behind the bar.)

"It is, sir," she replied respectfully.

"Well," I continued, "Can I find Mrs. Mahoney here?"

(Attention of people behind the bar visibly increasing.)

"You cannot, sir," was the reply, in rather less of a brogue than we yet had encountered.

"Mrs. Mahoney," (the old country pronunciation of Mahoney.) "Mrs. Mahoney, who is me cousin, sir, is not living here now, but at Mr. Jones's, the constable's,—an' a decent place it is, too. Would ye be after wantin' to see her, sir?"

"Very much," I said.

(People behind the bar getting almost too impatient to wait. A bare-headed woman starts forward.)

"Paze sir," the bare-headed woman exclaimed, "I can run and fetch her."

"In how long a time?"

"Oh sir, not above fifteen minutes, jist."

"All right," I said, "start along, and tell her." I added, "that a gentleman from America wants to see her, who comes direct from her daughter Norah."

"What?" the woman screamed, while her eyes stood straight out of her head, "from Norah Mahoney?"

"Aye."

"Then, sure," she exclaimed, while her face stretched and wreathed with joy, "it's meself that won't be gone a jiffy."

And with that she was off like a shot, while the people behind the bar have by this time fairly exploded with excitement. As we started out the door, the proprietress hailed us loudly:

"Hould on, gentlemen, hould on," she called, while she made speed to get through the little half-door leading behind the bar and for which she was a very snug fit.

"She's going to hug you," whispered the Judge, as we stopped; and faith I thought she was—but she stopped on the very verge of that demonstration and fervently ejaculated:

"An' sure, ye don't mean to say that Norah is after living at service wid' yer own blessed self?"

"She certainly is," I replied, with a North American smile.

"The likes of that!" she cried, looking alternately from me to the now completely petrified observers behind the bar. "Well, it's right glad her mother will be to meet ye?"

Hereupon, after several interchanges of like remarks, the Judge and I passed out, promising to return directly, which promise, after a short walk along the narrow, crooked street, we fulfilled. A fine looking old lady, in a white cap and the prevailing long black cape and hood, met us at the shop door. She was trembling violently with emotion, and as she was introduced as Norah's mother and we shook hands she burst into tears. I felt utterly bringing the scene before you—the curious little shop, the interested and sympathizing knot of Irish people at the background, and here the Judge and I, and this old woman, handsome still in spite of her years of struggling toil, quite broken down at this unexpected meeting with one so short a time from her girl beyond the sea. It was not a scene to be easily described—far less could it be lightly treated, for the element of pathos too largely predominated.

The bustling Mrs. Kelleher with great thoughtfulness invited us at once to ascend a pair of winding stairs to the best room above, and here she read aloud to the still weeping woman the letter I had brought, dwelling unctuously, with utter disregard of my embarrassment, upon the personal acquaintances with which it abounded.

A GENUINE REEL.

"An' now gentlemen," said the beaming hostess, after these personal matters had been fully discussed, "what will ye be pleased to take?"

We murmured with a deprecatory shake of the head that as representatives of the good old state of Maine it would hardly become us to accept of anything in the way of hibernian hospitality. But such an occasion as this was not to be so lightly passed over, and even if we didn't care for beer, there were others present who did, so on descending to a larger room below, everybody was invited to drink to the health of the two American gentlemen.

So with a shout and a vast deal of bustling and confusion the company disposed themselves about on benches and stools and round bumpers of beer were ordered in amid great hilarity.

"Your health, gentlemen, an' God bless ye!" heartily cried the hostess, and with loud exclamations the toast was drunk, while the Judge and I bowed our acknowledgements courteously.

At this juncture a singular looking individual, hugging a bagpipe of seamy appearance under his arm, tottered in at the open door and hobbled slowly across the uneven floor.

"It's Blind Jerry the piper," whispered a woman who sat on the bench next the Judge.

"An' it's noble gentlemen ye is, I'm certain of," the blind piper ejaculated as he shuffled past and sought out a stool—"noble gentlemen both, all the way from Ameriky as ye is—an' here's ye health, an' God's blessin' on ye!"

As we both turned to curiously regard this singular accession to our number, the woman next the Judge intimated with many a nod and wink that Mrs. Kelleher herself could turn a reel with the best of them. The Judge imparting this valuable information to me, I promptly called for a display, then and there, of that lady's terpsichorean accomplishments.

"Ah, be off wid' ye, Mrs. Fitzgerald, for suggestin' it!" Mrs. Kelleher reproachfully said, "Why I haven't flung a step this ten year—an' it's not for me, old as I am and a hundred and eighty pounds, to be a dancer!"

But Mrs. Mahoney informing us in an undertone that Mrs. Kelleher had on more than one occasion "danced down a man,"—an achievement rarely accomplished, let me tell you—was and redoubting our solicitations, the lady was finally persuaded to give us an exhibition of her powers, and a pleasant faced young woman in a new silk dress, who had dropped in to see what was going on, being prevailed upon to stand up as partner, and the blind piper having after a tremendous deal of backing and filling gotten his asthmatic bagpipe to wheezing, at it they went amid unbounded applause.

Arrah! then but how they did go it—arms akimbo—now heel—now toe—now shuffle—whist! but never was there anything to equal it. Step it up there, Jerry!—faster, man! Now they're at it strong! Whoop! how the floor shakes!—how the very rafters rattle! Mursha! but was ever there a reel like unto this one, with the weighty Mrs. Kelleher, burdened by her size but warning to the work mightily, looking her opponent square in the eye with the sternness and gravity that the occasion demanded. Jerry, man! are your pipes a-shlapin'! Fatter, ye spalpeen! do ye hear! Ah, thin! rattle it out with the heels!—now cross—now swing—tare-an'-ounds! but what man could stand up before it!—and all in a heat the reel was finished—and with the crowd applauding.

And Mrs. Kelleher panting, blind Jerry, who had followed every note of his pipes with grotesque contortions of his mouth, wiped the perspiration from his sun-tanned brow and drank to us again with the utmost satisfaction.

"An' it's a fact, gentlemen, an' so I tell ye," Mrs. Kelleher solemnly asserted, after recovering her breath, "that I haven't danced a step for nigh on a dozen year, an' there's never a gentleman in Bandon that I'd-a-done the likes for as I have for you this day."

After homely acknowledgment of this admitted mark of condescension, the Judge and I withdrew, while the air teemed with notes in our praise. Our fame had already preceded us into the street, and when we crossed to the other side, the better to enable the Judge to make a pencil sketch of the scene of our recent orgie, we were followed and surrounded by a crowd of admiring populace, while the whispered word that we were "gentlemen from Ameriky," passed rapidly around, secured for us the most respectful recognition.

AMONG THE WORLD OVER.

While the Judge was wrestling with his sketch, with two or three Irish lads gazing over his shoulder and holding him in passing conversation regarding their relatives in Ameriky—everybody here has some member of thins family in Ameriky—I turned my attention to the crowd of lads that hovered near.

"Boys," I said, "where is there a candy shop?"

"A wot, sorr!" they chorused.

"A candy shop—some place to buy candy."

"Do ye mean sugar sticks?" they shrieked again.

"That's it—that's what I want—sugar sticks!" I said.

"Right handy about," they yelled with alacrity, pointing across the street to where a few bits of confectionery were lonesomely hiding themselves behind a dirty little window.

"Then come on, the whole of you," I called, with a large and magnificent sweep of the arm over the tattered little assemblage, and away we trooped for the shop. I in the center surrounded by as enthusiastic and loud-lunged a procession as only an Irish town could by any possibility of circumstances produce.

Into the little dirty shop we hurried, the boys and girls screaming lustily all the while, and almost driving the little man standing behind the little counter out of his wits by our unexpected and remarkable advent.

"Now, then," I shouted to the shopman, barely making myself heard above the uproar, "trot out your candy—your sugar sticks—and let every boy and girl have a taste!"

"Down came the glass jar with hilarious swiftness, and forth the red sweet sticks were hurled.

"Mr. Mr. Anille! Mr. Mr. Anille!" shrieked the restless laughing throng. "Mr. Mr. Anille! Mr. Mr. Anille!" they yelled in terrific chorus.

Mr. Anille exerted himself manfully, but what with the pushing from the outside and the shrieking on the inside he was nearly beside himself. As fast as one youngster was supplied he popped out of the shop like the cork out of a jug. Tidings of the unwonted event swept up and down the street on the wings of lightning. Every instant the throng about the door grew larger, while the babel of voices was deafening. Old people and young people rushed to the shop. Little children were trodden under foot by big children, and the excitement grew, and if Mr. Anille's supply of sugar sticks hadn't been exhausted, and the Judge with the strength of a lion hadn't battled his way through the surging crowd and dragged me forcibly from my perilous position, nobody knows how the engagement might not have terminated. The revel cost me the unprecedented sum of one shilling. Sugar sticks come high over here, but we have to have them.

When the Judge and I laid our weary heads down into the comfortable pillows of our beds that night, we did so with the consciousness that in Bandon, at least, if in no other part of the United Kingdom, we were famous.

I have dwelt upon the occurrences of this day so perhaps an unjustifiable and wearisome degree, because they illustrate several phases of Irish hospitality and goodness of heart, combined with the love, awe, almost veneration, that these people feel for America and Americans. I fancy that travelers are not often enabled as we have been to so soon obtain glimpses of the true inwardness of the jovial Irish character. I have only imperfectly delineated these scenes—one would have to have seen them as we saw them to fully appreciate their richness—but what we have witnessed this day made up an experience worth almost in itself crossing the ocean to obtain.

"Besides," said an extremely pleasant Catholic priest whom we shortly afterwards fell in with, and to whom we related our adventures, "you cannot adequately understand and appreciate the pleasure you gave those people. The fact of gentlemen of your character stopping at Bandon for the express purpose of bearing a message from one of their number across the sea—and one of your her master—carried with it a weight of interest to them that was bound to open their hearts, and which they will remember with gratitude as long as they live—a gratitude that only we here in Ireland can fully understand."

SOCIABLE PEOPLE.

Nor can I express to you the universal spirit of friendliness that greets us wherever we go—

in shops, on the trains, in the streets, whenever and wherever we meet an Irishman, by knowing us at once with a species of divination that we do not yet clearly comprehend—to be Americans—is anxious to do us some favor. The next morning the Judge ventured into a book-store, and although he made no purchase, the proprietor, a rubicund individual with a shortness in his breath, insisted on going out with him and pointing out some of the features of the town, taking him, among other places, through several devious alleyways to get a look at the old wall, and explaining certain peculiarities of the several-centuries-old bridge across the river—adding that the coping of this bridge had at one time been of jagged stones, and much did it interfere with the fishers who sought to hang over its edge, whereupon the uncomfortable stones had been removed and replaced with a rounded course of granite, over which the fishers now could ply their sport with greatly increased comfort, the improvement being effected at an outlay to the corporation of several hundred pounds. Bandon had one time a population of ten thousand souls, which now by the process of emigration to America, has dwindled to about six thousand. This affords a fair illustration of the drain our country has made on Ireland during recent years. The entire town is a part of the Duke of Devonshire's possessions, and a more legatelle in that extensive land-owner's list of property.

Our companion in the second-class compartment we occupied, as we started to continue our journey, was a lady who was taking her little boy to the sea-shore for his health. She was a very pleasing and sociable lady indeed, and occasionally beguiled the tedium of the hour by drinking brandy and water out of a modest little bottle which she took out of her reticule. We inferred it was brandy and water, dear reader, by the smell. She did not offer us any of it, and we were too much of gentlemen to ask her for a horn.

NATURAL ATTRACTIONS.

Only one who has looked upon it can comprehend the beauty of this Irish scenery. Broad stretches of the greenest fields in the world reach away on every side as far as the eye can see. Over this wide expanse, laid to look upon as the cultivated lawn of many an American home, roam countless herds of cattle and sheep, grazing at will. This is why the roast-beef and mutton we are daily gorging ourselves with taste better than those meats ever did before—because the grazing is so sweet and rich. When I think of the sterile and rocky fields of Maine, over which I have seen the cows and sheep dispiritedly cropping, and look out upon these Irish creatures luxuriating in the richest that earth affords, my heart goes out to the unfortunate beef and mutton of my native land. They tell us here that Irish mutton is the finest in the world, and we are beginning to believe it. The fowls I have spoken of continue to us a source of wonder. They extend in every direction, lining the roads on either hand and marking the boundaries of the various manorries, fine specimens of solid masonry, built to last for hundreds of years to come. Most of such fences are overgrown with ivy and creeping vines, or crowned with a hedge, and the effect is charming. The roads everywhere are as hard and smooth as macadam and the best of attention can render them. In a word, there is no element or natural beauty of the commonplace sort in which Ireland cannot discount our country.

"You ought to regret leaving a home of such loveliness," we say to those who speak to us as nearly everybody we meet does—of emigration.

"Ah, sir," they reply, "we love the beauty of the old sod, but that isn't room for the stomach and clothes to the back. There's no hope here for the poor man with a large family who works twelve hours a day for seven shillings a week (\$1.75) and work not plenty at that."

We catch sight, as the train flies along of many of the poor huts in which these people dwell. Miserable affairs they are, many of them built from mud, with a roof of thatch, through which a rude chimney thrusts its way. They are low and misshapen, and a baby might fall off the roof anywhere without the least detriment to his limbs. Their interiors are of the roughest and cheapest character, the doorways mere lathsome resorts for the hens and pigs and cows and children. The only indication of cleanliness about them is the whitewash which covers the walls of all but the very meanest. I do not mean to convey the impression that all the huts we saw were so bad as this, but the majority of them are as bad, while some we saw and went into were so pitiable and dreadful in appearance that I scarcely could believe we were in so truthfully depict them even had I the power adequately to do so. But it is pleasing to know that this degree of squalor is not much longer to exist among the Irish peasantry. Recently enacted laws of parliament provide that landholders shall furnish their tenantry with comfortable and healthful places of abode. This urgent reform, which for generations has piteously been cried for, will not be fully carried out so soon as might be desired—such reforms never are—but it is certain that in the near future the poor of Ireland will be more comfortably housed. The mud hut must go.

ADVENTURE IN BANTRY.

At Bantry, a curious town at the head of a remarkable bay bearing the same name, we quitted the cars and ate dinner in company with a talkative Englishman in glasses, who confidentially assured us that he had come all the way thither from Manchester to collect some money; and after wishing him the best of success in his undertaking, knowing ourselves how hard a thing it is at times to get hold of an old seed account, we wiped our fingers on the table-cloth and walked forth to inspect the town.

I allude to Bantry as a curious looking town because that word best expresses the impression that this and every Irish town we have inspected makes upon us. There are the same curious houses, and curious little shops, turning up at the most unexpected moment,

and curious lanes leading nobody knows where, and curious donkey-carts driven by curious appearing people, and the most curious and quaint looking bits of old-fashioned architecture, in every direction. You read of such places in books and strive to gather some conception of them from creation of the artist's pencil, but you utterly fail to get the life itself, the nutty of all the curious details as they appeal to the eye and heart of the semi-sentimental traveler.

Taking the smooth, clean street that wound around the water's edge, bounded on the one hand by a high wall of masonry overhanging trees, and on the other by a heavy sea-wall of granite that skirted the entire length of shore, we made our way towards the grounds of the Earl of Bantry, whose seat this place is. Knocking at a closed gate in a high stone wall, and being admitted by a bony woman into whose willing palm we dropped two-pence by way of reward—you always have to reward anybody who opens a gate or directs you to a street or wishes you good morning in this country—we sauntered up the road that led to the house of the earl, stopping on the way to peruse an injunction nailed on a tree to the effect that visitors must not up on any account pick flowers and things from the grounds, or venture into the conservatories—whilst was spotted "conservatories," and didn't look just right in an earl.

VISITING THE NOBILITY.

The home of the Bantrys is the most pretentious property in these parts. The house is of a not very ambitious style of architecture, but exceedingly solid and substantial in appearance, and fronting the water, commands a magnificent view of the bay and the mountains rising to grand heights beyond. It is surrounded by grounds of beautiful appearance, set off by every form of hedge and tree and flowering shrub, and ornamented with various statues in marble. We walked about these grounds in a leisurely manner, poking our noses into all sorts of things that we didn't know the names of and finally pressed through the open door of the conservatory itself, totally regardless of the sign on the tree, and oblivious to the people inside the house, who were at lunch and could see us through the plate-glass windows. But it was worth any expenditure of Yankee check to get in and luxuriate in such richness of floral display as opened to our admiring inspection. There was every description of the rarest plants growing in the greatest profusion—lilies bending under the weight of massive blush roses, a kind of a thing that smells like mignonette growing everywhere like a vine, and numberless other high-priced varieties with Latin labels that I didn't understand the meaning of, laden with air with perfumes so delicious as to be wellnigh overpowering. We were careful not to touch anything, for we could feel the clay-cold eye of nobility transfixing us through the window and we deemed it wise to be judicious. But we saw the posies.

The noble earl himself, who is a young man and unmarried, is at present in Australia in pursuit of health and such other pleasurable emotions as may momentarily suggest themselves. This was annoying, for it prevented his lordship hearing of our arrival in town and insisting on our bringing our valises up to Bantry House and making our stay with him—which we would have enjoyed immeasurably, as coming cheaper than a hotel. However, we swallowed our disappointment and a ginger cookie or two we had brought along to palliate the ravages of hunger, and while we were hanging over an ancient sun-dial, and comparing it with our watches to see if it was fast or slow, an undersized individual in a swallow-tailed coat and a pale pink shade of side-whiskers came tripping down the terrace and said:

"Would you like to look through the 'ouse, gentlemen?"

"We would, my lor—sir," we stammered.

"Then, gentlemen," the flunkey added, "Lady Bantry would like your cards."

Now wasn't this nice. Scarcely do we strike the ancestral grounds than the Countess of Bantry, mother of the earl, looking out of the window and noting our patrician bearing at a glance, as it were, sends out for our cards, that she may understand more fully whom she is inviting into the sacred bosom of the family mansion. This was perfectly proper on her part, we said, and we fished out our cards with a dual air, and handed them to the servant with haughty condescension; who receiving the samples of first-class job printing with becoming humility, bowed low and vanished into the house.

Then time went on in its calm, relentless fashion, and the shadow on the dial crept impressively around.

"Seems to me," the Judge sighed, as he shifted his weight to the other leg, "seems to me her grace is a good while making out that script type."

"The careless," I responded, correcting his glaring mistake in the use of the title, "the careless certainly is dilatory."

"Well, I don't propose to stand here shifting legs till the sun goes down for all the graces in the United Kingdom," the Judge said, evidently nettled by my merited correction; "and what's more—"

"She," I interrupted, "the lord chamberlain of the head bed-chamber approacheth."

With this the man in the claw-hammer coat once more appeared, the same instant that Lady Bantry came out of the mansion with her two daughters, who stepping into a carriage were by a coachman in livery driven rapidly away. The Judge and I looked at each other in a gaping manner, and too benumbed to speak followed the retainer into the house.

"Lady Bantry has gone for a drive to Glengarriff, the man explained as we tottered up the steps.

Entering the house through a hall blooming with flowering plants, we encountered a gentleman in very nice clothes who was diligently engaged in doing up an umbrella. Supposing him to be the earl's younger brother, whom we knew to be at home, I was in an agony of doubt what to do—whether to address him in terms, or go down on my knees at once, but

our conductor pushing briskly on I split the difference with a very humble bow, which the man with the umbrella graciously acknowledged. I subsequently ascertained that he was an under-footman.

THE HOUSE OF A LITTLE EARL.

We were shown into drawing rooms and parlors and saloons and banquet halls without number, of fine proportions and very high, the walls and ceilings, whereof were hung about with rare old pictures and every variety of tapestries of which the late earl was especially fond. We saw rooms hung in satin and decked out with huge vases of alabaster and statues in marble and every conceivable thing that art can produce and wealth command. We saw the home-apartments, where nobility spends its leisure moments and mends its clothes, and we saw a portrait of Gen. Stewart, lately killed in the Sudan, who was Lady Bantry's nephew. A' together we saw many beautiful things we never had seen before, and finished with the library, wherein we found some more old missals and other works, and where we wanted to stop a while.

"And what, Mr.—Mr. Bantry," the Judge inquired, as we stopped for an instant to admire something particularly rich and costly, "what, may I inquire, are the going wages of an earl?"

Our guide failed to catch what was said and before the Judge could repeat his question quite horror-stricken I pulled him away.

Going out we thanked our guide for his trouble. We were in an agony of doubt as to the advisability of a tip. He seemed all too lordly and impressive.

"Would you," I stammered, desperately, as we were parting, never more to meet again, "would you mind accepting of a shilling—as a—er—"

He smiled in a haughty and deprecatory manner, and thrust out his hand as if to repel the baatonic gift. I seized the opportunity to drop the shilling into his outstretched palm, and his fingers clutched over it with a grip like death.

In this country, when you are in doubt always drop the shilling. There is only one instance on record, I believe, of its ever being rejected. The shilling was had.

MAINE IN GEORGIA.

Maine Journal.

It will surprise many of our readers, says the *Southern World*, to know that next to Tennessee, the good old State of Maine has about the largest colony of active sons in the city of Atlanta, and at the head of the list stands the venerable and honored citizen, Col. L. P. Grant, whose long life of usefulness here has been supplemented by his generous gift of "Grant Park" for the benefit of future generations. We have no wouther or more respected citizen than Col. Grant, and it is to be hoped that he may live yet many years to see his park gift expand in beauty and become a blessing to our people. Next to him comes the Hon. Jonathan Norcross, who saw Atlanta, then a wilderness, slowly develop into a crossroads, then into a railroad station, village, town, city, and finally into the Capital of the State, in all of which he took an active part. In later years, came Morrill, Buck, the Kimball brothers, Burns, Thibodeau, Smyth, Watson, Bryant, Herbert Harding Drummond, Lacey, the Fairbanks brothers, Longley, Folsom, and others whose names we cannot now recall, all of whom have had more or less to do with the building of the city. Governor Frederick Robie, the present able and beloved Chief Magistrate of Maine, who was a classmate of Prof. H. H. Smith of Bowdoin College, when a young man, taught school in Thomas county, Ga., and is still pleasantly remembered by many old citizens who were his pupils. We allude to this matter because we notice that the Little Monument Association of this city embraces in its list of officers and charter members nearly every name above mentioned, which shows the patriotic and generous spirit of these "Sons of Maine" who have made their homes with us. In the future we hope to welcome to our section other enterprising citizens from the far off state of Maine where winter fingers so long in the lap of spring, and a bracing climate gives to the country a race of hardy and efficient men and accomplished and noble women.

AN ANECDOTE OF JUMBO.

When Barnum's circus was at Ottawa, Iowa, last season, old Chiffelin, one of the largest elephants, broke away from his fastenings in a fit of rage and made his way to the side tent where Jumbo was standing. Chiffelin has a special grudge against "Scotty," the keeper who has had charge of Jumbo ever since his arrival in the country. Jumbo seemed to know instinctively what the infuriated beast wanted. Seizing "Scotty" unceremoniously with his mighty trunk Jumbo lifted him as easily as a man would lift a baby, and placing him between his forelegs reached out with his trunk and trumpeted a challenge that seemed to say, "Touch him if you dare." The bold front of Jumbo, his monstrous size, seemed to awe Chiffelin, furious and revengeful as he was, and he came to a full stop, turned about and rushed down the street. The trainers, however, soon overtook, stopped and subdued him.

WOMEN HAVE MANY TALKS.

Men have only two: There is nothing right they say, and nothing right they do.

But it is naughty men do nothing right, and no very say what's true, what naughty feels we mustn't say, to love them as we do.





## FOLKS AND THINGS.

Rockland's college boys have returned home. W. B. Hills and family now make their home in Liberty.

C. M. Walker's yacht May carried away her mast in the harbor Tuesday.

J. A. Tolman brought strawberries into the market from his farm Wednesday.

A. A. Beaton and A. L. Torrey have recently become members of the Central Club.

There have been many complaints, lately, of young ladies being chased by strangers.

Miss Mahel Abbott entertained her class in a pleasant manner at her home Wednesday evening.

The Rocklands and Thomastons play a match game of ball at Thomaston tomorrow afternoon.

The frame of the new vessel in Cobb, Wight & Co's yard is up. The expected hard-pine has not yet arrived.

Wednesday night J. H. Lawrence fell down the gangway of Stephen Chase's pinkie and cut a big gash over his eye.

O. H. Tripp, civil engineer, has taken as an office a portion of the room occupied by A. J. Erskine in Kimball block.

The boys now go in swimming and the tell-tall shirt, wrong side before, is the cause of many a domestic tragedy.

The members of the graduating class wish to thank all those who so kindly assisted them in preparing for their exercises.

Samuel Hamilton of the New England Industrial School for deaf-mutes is in this vicinity in the interests of that institution.

Tuesday night persons unknown threw stones through the windows of H. H. Erie & Co's store, breaking three lights of glass.

A dog spurted through Main street Saturday night, a tin pan closely following. It's fun for the boys, but torture for the poor dog.

Rev. W. S. Roberts of the First Baptist church baptized two candidates at the beach south of the Five Kilns, Sunday noon.

The stated convention of King Solomon's Chapter will be held Thursday evening. There will be work on the Royal Arch Degree.

"There is caraway seed in abundance," in front of the Atlantic House. Caraway seed is very nice to put into cookies and pumpkin pies.

The Point Rangers beat the High School nine one score in ten innings, Friday afternoon. Saturday afternoon the Rockland H. S. Club beat the Thomaston H. S. Club.

At H. C. Chapman's harness shop last week a pair of traces was made for Dr. Fitzgerald's leaders. They were 28 feet long, double and stitched, of white and black leather.

The boys were jumping. Said a looker-on "I can jump further than that on one foot." "You ought to," was the quick retort, "one of your feet is bigger than two of ours."

C. T. Frost and his catamaran were upset in the harbor Saturday evening. He and his friends were picked up by the stone sloop and brought to land, the catamaran towing behind.

Rev. W. O. Holman has green peas in his garden from which he has gathered large, plump pods, and will pick several bushels this week for the market. This is a little precious for local gardens.

The first prize for Junior declamations at Bowdoin College Monday of last week was awarded to Walter V. Wentworth of this city. Mr. Wentworth is one of the finest scholars in his class, as well.

Thursday evening Joseph Sylvester's horse eloped through Main street, with a wagon and three young men attached. At the Brook the animal was stopped. The cause of the excitement was a broken hold-back.

The June number of the High School Messenger has been issued from this office and it is fully up to its usual high standard of excellence. It contains among other matter an interesting report of the recent graduating exercises.

At a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen Friday evening, the mayor was authorized to draw his order on the city treasurer for the following named sums to be taken from the school fund: Teachers' salaries, \$3,210; janitor's salaries, \$215.50.

The annual readjustment of the salaries of postmasters is to take effect in July. A number of offices suffer a reduction of \$100 each in salary. Among these are Bath, Belfast, Camden, Rockland, Thomaston and Waldoboro.

The Bath postmaster will receive \$2100, Belfast \$1700, Camden \$1100, Rockland \$2100, Thomaston \$1200, and Waldoboro \$1000. Among route changes is the following: The mail will leave Tremont Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 a. m., arriving at Swan's Island Tuesdays and Fridays, at 12 m. and at Tremont at 1 p. m.

The pupils of T. H. McLain's school gave a program of select readings, declamations and music Thursday afternoon, a large company of friends being present. All the parts were well rendered. The room was decorated with flowers in a tasty manner. The pupils of the graduating class presented the principal an elegant side-board. A year ago 60 pupils entered the first class in Mr. McLain's school. Of these 53 have received their passes into the High school, 21 of these being young men. The class is a smart one and it is to be hoped that all will take the High school course.

A basket meeting of the Woman's Mission Circle was held in the Baptist chapel in this city on Tuesday of last week. In the morning there was an interesting devotional service, led by Rev. W. S. Roberts, which was followed by reports from the different circles. At noon the company adjourned to the church parlors, where lunch was served. In the afternoon papers were read by Miss Eva Brainard, Mrs. R. C. Hall and Miss Anna Roberts and a poem by Mrs. Hecley of Thomaston, followed by a short address from Rev. Mr. Roberts. The singing was led by Mrs. F. M. Shaw, who also sang a solo. In the evening, after the usual opening exercises, Miss Hattie Watts read a poem, "Help These Women." Mrs. Roberts read in a very pleasing manner a humorous selection entitled "Systematics in Givings." Mrs. Mills rendered a solo. The meetings were of unusual interest, although great anxiety was felt concerning Miss Barrows, who was on her way to attend the meeting when she was thrown from the carriage and injured.

## MEN AND WOMEN.

Personal Paragraphs of More or Less Interest to Our Readers

E. M. Perry has returned from Boston. Henry Rhodes is very ill at his home.

C. A. Crockett arrived home from Virginia Friday.

Hattie Lincoln Tilson of Boston is at N. A. Farwell's.

J. B. Patterson and bride arrived in Bucksport Friday.

Edward Collins of Oakland, Cal., is at Wm. Farwell's.

Dr. William Robbins of Farragut, Iowa, is visiting in this city.

Frank Gilchrist of Boston is visiting at the Catholic parsonage.

Mrs. Joseph Melvin and children are visiting at South Thomaston.

Miss Eva Turner of Vinalhaven is the guest Miss Letia Thomas.

Mrs. Wm. Gould of Livermore Falls is visiting Mrs. J. S. Kennistoun.

Mrs. A. B. Thomas of Chicago is visiting her father, F. A. D. Smith.

Maria Hinds of Boston is visiting Mrs. John Hanrahan at the Meadow.

Will Geo. Smith, the noted photographer, is visiting his brother, J. F. Smith.

Mrs. E. W. Cookson left Thursday for Boston where she joined Capt. Cookson.

Major H. F. Perry of Bloomington, Ind., is visiting friends and relatives in this city.

Eugene Harrington is at home from Montreal, where he has been attending school.

F. F. Phillips, formerly principal of our High school, was present at the graduating exercises.

Salvation Bow and son Charles arrived from Boston Thursday. They go to Northport for the summer.

Miss M. M. Files, assistant teacher in our High school, returned to her home in Unity this morning.

Dr. James C. Wilson, wife and son of Flint, Mich., are visiting at the residence of D. C. Smith, Cedar street.

Miss Jennie Gloyer is attending Commencement at Waterville, and will visit her sister Mrs. Kelley at Fairfield.

Fred Smart and wife of Clifton, Arizona, with Mrs. Gates and daughter Alice of Chelsea, Mass., are at Capt. J. C. Cousens'.

George P. Chase of Hallowell was here last week, the guest of F. B. Wilson, who took him on a cruise to Portland and yacht Starlight.

H. H. McIntire and wife of Bluehill attended the graduation Friday evening. Mrs. McIntire graduated from our High school last year.

Frank and Philetas Fales of Kansas are visiting their brother, D. W. Fales, on Maverick street. P. Fales is accompanied by his family.

Mrs. Mary Thomas, widow of the late Rev. W. O. Thomas, formerly of this city, was in town last week attending the missionary meeting held at the First Baptist church.

Mrs. F. P. Russell, of Zanesville, Ohio, a member of the National Relief Corps who attended the encampment at Portland, is in the city, the guest of Mrs. L. W. Hollbrook and Mrs. Chas. Dechow.

Z. Pope Vose, editor for many years of the Gazette, but now residing in Minneapolis, Minn., arrived in this city Thursday on a visit to his many friends, all of whom were glad to see him. Mr. Vose has changed little in appearance, and his hand has not forgotten its cunning, nor his eye its power of observation as his accurate reading of many columns of proof this morning plainly showed.

## OUR BOYS.

Rockland Men in the West and What They Are Doing.

In a published report of the showing of Indiana at the New Orleans Exposition we find the following which concerns two former residents of this city:

Prominent among these exhibits is that of the Perry Bros., G. K. and H. F. Perry of Ellensburg, Monroe county. It contains specimens both rough and finished, as taken from the quarries, and as cut, polished and ornamented. The stone is of a light hue, almost white, with a slight touch of cream color, the very shade of material so popular in Chicago and Indianapolis, and which has made these cities so beautiful architecturally, and which has been used in the new Cotton Exchange of New Orleans, the handsomest and grandest building in "the Crescent City."

It is without fault, and free from the iron which in other limestones stains the front of the building in a few years and gives it an unhealthy, mottled appearance. In the matter of cutting, it is as susceptible as wood, yet as strong and tough as iron, allowing the most liberal sculpturing in leaves, vines, etc., and withstanding wind and storm. It is what is known as oolite limestone, of great strength and durability. One of the prettiest exhibits of the Perry Bros. is a low crowned stone of fine running around one side of General Carleton's office, the railing broken by Grecian pillars surmounted by carved globes. There are other exhibits in sculpture, displaying the facility with which this stone can be used for ornamental or monumental purposes.

## MAINE MATTERS.

It is understood that O. W. Davis, Jr., of Bangor and associates are to rebuild the Kathlamet Iron Works.

Hunglers went through the house of Fred C. Tarr, on Ash street, Lewiston, Sunday night. Mr. Tarr's trousers, containing \$1 in change and his watch and chain were stolen.

The case of E. Gould vs. the mayor and city marshal of Augusta, to recover the value of the drums taken from the Salvation Army, was entered in the municipal court Monday.

The following newly appointed Maine postmasters have been commissioned: Theo. B. Edwards at Gorham; George P. Crane at Milo; C. E. Dimmock at Lunington; J. Kirk at Togus.

Bates, Bowdoin and the Maine State College had their commencements last week, while Colby Commencement is taking place the present week. The attendance of visitors has not been as large as usual.

A party of six young men left the Garnett House for a sail. When near West Bath the boat was struck by a squall and upset. N. W. Gay, assistant postmaster, and B. A. Lincoln, were drowned. Lincoln's body has not been found.

The house of Capt. B. M. Melcher in the west part of Brunswick, in the interval of twenty-four hours from 8 a. m. Thursday, to 8 a. m. Friday, was robbed of a package containing \$50 or \$75, the money being taken from a trunk in his daughter's room.

Frances J. Korke, who formerly lived in Eastport and was captain's steward on board the cutter Woodbury, shot and killed a young man named Timothy J. Collins, in Boston last week. The two men had some hot words, Korke claims that Collins struck him, after which Korke drew a revolver and fired.

Bowdoin has a president at last. It is Rev. Wm. DeWitt Hyde, who must be the youngest man in the country to hold such an office. We have not the date of his birth, but he is a native of Winterville, Worcester county, studied at the Phillips Exter Academy, was graduated at Harvard

University in the class of 1879, and three years later from the Union Theological Seminary. For a time he has been preaching in the Congregational church in Intervale, N. J. He is regarded as a man of parts and a fine scholar, and what he lacks in years he will make up in earnestness.

Willard Carles of Wade is quite a bear taker. He has kept account of the number he has killed in his lifetime, and is pretty sure that it is over 125. Frank Staples of Betham has within the past few weeks trapped six.

The Kennebec Framing Co., Fairfield, have just shipped two depots to the Old Colony road for the stations at Trenton and Orono. They are now at work on the largest dwelling house they have ever made. Some idea of the size may be gained from the fact that it is three stories and the floors aggregate 17,000 square feet.

The body of an unknown man was washed up by the tide Sunday on the beach shore of the Methodist camp ground at Northport, and was discovered Sunday morning about 10 o'clock. The town authorities were immediately notified and a coroner from Belfast summoned. The body brought in is a verdict of "death from an unknown cause."

The Fairfield Journal is informed that the damage done last week by fire in the timber growth on Dead River will amount to \$100,000. E. Totman & Co. had one camp burned on New 11. All the camps on Dead River were burned and M. G. Shaw lost three on Chain Pond. The fire is still raging and fears are entertained that the new and expensive dam at Long Falls will be destroyed.

Thursday night Augustus Cove, 18 years of age, was arrested in Whitefield, twenty miles from Augusta, for the robbery of \$800 in money and valuables at Hotel North Wednesday night. The stolen watch was found on his person and several other articles. He acknowledged that he was the robber, but denies stealing the money, and it cannot be found. Cove was formerly a watchman in the hotel.

Rudger Gougham, who boards at Mrs. O'Brien's, in Augusta, acted strangely on arriving Saturday morning, and told a sick person in the house that she was going away not to come back again. She then proceeded to a point on the river bank, opposite the Maine Central car shops, waded into the river up to her arms, hid her head down against a stone and commenced to screech at the top of her voice. This aroused the residents in the vicinity, and E. Gougham, rushing down, dragged her from the water, taking her to a house near by. Troubles which she had experienced caused the young woman to act in this strange manner.

The large four-masted wooden sailing vessel which is being finished at Camden, in this State, leads the New York Sun to speak of the great ships of the world, and to note the fact that "the biggest wooden ships are now built in Maine." The largest ship ever built in the United States was "Donald McKay," famous Great Republic, which registered 3,355 tons. Next comes the ship Three Brothers, which was formerly the steamer Vanderbilt and which is registered at 2,972 tons. Then comes the Camden ship with a probable displacement of 2,200 tons. There are only about a dozen wooden ships now in service registering over 2,200 tons. Of these seven were built in Maine: "Dean King," 2,510 tons, at Kennebec; "R. D. Rice," 2,141 tons, at Thomaston; "J. R. Kelley," 2,341 tons, at Bath; "A. J. Jones," 2,542 tons, at Bath; "John Rosebush," 2,288 tons, at Bath; "Gen. Knox," 2,217 tons, at Thomaston; and "Parker M. Whitmore," 2,265 tons, at Bath.

## Births.

Rockland, June 27, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Purpura, a son.

West Camden, June 22, to Mr. and Mrs. James Walden, a son.

West Camden, June 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Eldredge O'Brien, a daughter.

Rockland, June 26, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fish, a son.

North Appleton, June 14, to Capt. and Mrs. C. B. Merrill, a son.

## Deaths.

Rockland, June 28, by Rev. George S. Hill, Leonard B. Brewster, and Fannie H. Oxtun, both of Camden.

Rockland, June 23, by Rev. George S. Hill, F. H. Jones of Camden, and Mrs. E. J. Colson, of Rockland.

Rockland, June 27, John E. Brewster and Mary L. Elmer, both of Rockland.

Rockland, June 26, by Rev. W. S. Roberts, Henry W. Dunham of Lincolnville, and Lizzie E. Merrill, of Camden.

Rockland, Dec. 6, 1884, by H. E. Ingraham, Justice of the Peace, Francis T. Corbitt and Mrs. Elizabeth Bayward, both of Rockland.

Rockland, June 28, by Rev. T. S. Slosser of Minneapolis, and Eugene Bartlett of Portland.

Madison, June 15, Fred H. Barton of Vinalhaven, and Susan M. Piper of Matineau.

Camden, June 15, Ulysses G. Buckingham and Irene J. Baird, both of Camden.

Deer Isle, June 29, Solomon Gross and Katie Goss, both of Deer Isle.

Whitby, June 17, C. Cook, John Cluff and Watwell Poole, both of Vinalhaven.

## Deaths.

Rockland, June 23, Mary A. Munk, aged 81 years, 11 months, 8 days.

Rockland, June 26, Edward Lewis, aged 74 years, 1 month, 23 days.

Rockland, June 27, John Rice, aged 74 years, 9 months, 12 days.

Rockland, June 28, Eliza J. wife of Isaac G. Robinson, aged 67 years, 9 months, 11 days.

Thomaston, June 25, Lucina L. Butler, aged 33 years, 9 months, 28 days.

Portland, June 25, Nettie M., wife of Nathan Young, and daughter of H. H. and A. M. Cadden, both of Vinalhaven.

Seattle, Washington Territory, June 29, A. J. Drinkwater of Rockland, aged 21 years, 9 months, 1 day.

Greenwich, May 31, Mrs. Freeman Doherty, aged 76 years.

Vinalhaven, June 16th, Watson Y. Hopkins, aged 55 years.

## GIRL WANTED.

A girl to do house work.

CHAS. T. SPEAR, Park Street.

## TO LET.

A good Tenement will be let if applied for soon. Apply to

A. K. STEVENS, No. 4 Park St.

## CARD.

Second hand Top Buggy, in good condition, for sale cheap. Enquire at this office.

## FOR SALE.

Several nice House Lots on Leavitt and Walnut streets. Also a good Family House. Apply to

J. W. BELLEVILLE.

## NOTICE.

Having closed my store, being about to leave the State, I wish to have all unsettled Accounts to present the same for payment or settlement. I can be found at Little L. Wiggins' Store at present.

M. A. ADAMS.

ANCHOR CAPTURED.

In Owl's Head Harbor, Thursday, I hooked up an Anchor that weighs some eight or nine hundred pounds. The owner or owners have the same by proving property and paying charges.

CAPT. A. WALLACE.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

One French Plate Rosewood Frame SHOW CASE, fifteen feet long. Also a stock of JEWELRY and FANCY GOODS, and

JEWELRY CASES, a nice one 32 feet and 5 feet high. Weight 2,000 pounds. Address

GEORGE H. HAYNES, Camden, Me.

Desirable Place for Sale.

I wish to sell my farm in Washington or exchange it for City or Village property. The farm contains Twenty Acres; new and commodious buildings. Consisting of houses, all and stable, Young orchard, vines and flowers, never failing water, plenty of wood, convenient to school, beautiful location for any one desiring a small country place. All the reason for selling. Apply to

J. S. BOWEN, West Washington, Maine.

## O. H. TRIPP, Civil Engineer.

ROCKLAND, MAINE.

Office with A. J. Erskine, east of Union Street.

Prepares and careful attention paid to making surveys, plans, working drawings and estimates, and all other professional business.

SENT ON APPROVAL.

When buying Diamonds or Watches, you can save Money by addressing

STUMPER, 154 Washington St., Boston.

50,000 Strawberry Baskets.

FOR SALE AT

G. W. DRAKE'S.

CHAS. T. SPEAR,

Has a Large Stock of COTTON SEED MEAL.

One of the Best Feeds for Cows. TRY IT.

DR. COLE.

Residence, corner of Union and Grace Streets.

Office in A. K. Spear's New Block, North Office.

Office Hours:—1 to 3, and 7 to 8 P. M.

R. C. RANKIN,

OF BOSTON.

Will open a Select Club in

Plain and Fancy Dancing,

MERRILL'S HALL, LIMEROCK ST.,

On Tuesday, July 6, at 2 P. M.

Special attention paid to deportment. For further particulars inquire at Hall.

'85. FOURTH OF JULY. '85.

CELEBRATION!

TWO DAYS' RACES

AT

KNOX TROTTER PARK

ROCKLAND, ME.

Friday & Saturday, July 3d & 4th

\$650 in Purses. Horses owned in Maine

LIST OF ENTRIES.

FRIDAY, JULY 3d.

3 MINUTE CLASS. PURSE \$100.

E. M. Simmons, Rockland, ch. g. M. L. S.

J. E. Crockett, Portland, ch. g. M. L. S.

J. A. Barron, Rockland, ch. g. M. L. S.

G. L. Daggett, " ch. m. M. L. S.

Ira P. Woodbury, Portland, ch. g. M. L. S.

Berry Bros., Rockland, ch. g. M. L. S.

2:30 CLASS. PURSE \$150.

Allen M. Linn, Rockland, ch. g. M. L. S.

H. M. Bean, Camden, ch. g. M. L. S.

J. E. Haines, Portland, ch. g. M. L. S.

Ira P. Woodbury, Portland, ch. g. M. L. S.

Berry Bros., Rockland, ch. g. M. L. S.

2:45 CLASS. PURSE \$100.

E. M. Simmons, Rockland, ch. g. M. L. S.

J. E. Crockett, Portland, ch. g. M. L. S.

J. A. Barron, Rockland, ch. g. M. L. S.

G. L. Daggett, " ch. m. M. L. S.

Ira P. Woodbury, Portland, ch. g. M. L. S.

Berry Bros., Rockland, ch. g. M. L. S.

FREE FOR ALL. PURSE \$250.00.

J. E. Crockett, Portland, ch. g. M. L. S.















## Marine Department.

Sch. Hume, Post, is repairing at the Fir Kline.

Sch. Lucy Jones loaded lime last week for Perry Bros.

Spoken, June 19, lat 22 13, lon 88 14, Sch. Helen, from Manhattan for Boston.

Sch. Nile, Manning, was loading lime Friday from White & Case for New York.

Sch. Cephus Sturtevant, Pearson, arrived here Saturday night from Portsmouth, N. H.

Sch. Ringdove, Haskell, sailed for Vinal-haven Thursday to load stone for New York.

Spoken, June 23, off Abscon, bark Helen Sands, Norion, from Philadelphia for Portland.

Sch. Adelia Gray and L. A. Simons discharged wood for H. H. Hall & Co., Thursday.

Sch. Thomas H. Yenton, was loading lime Friday from Samuel Phillips, for New York.

Sch. Helen Montague, Green, is at Philadelphia loading coal for Bangor at \$1.20 per ton.

Sch. M. A. Achorn, Achorn, is at Roberts Harbor loading paving for New York, \$13 per ton.

Sch. Mark Gray and Rightaway are chartered to load paving at Long Cove for New York.

Sch. Lizzie Guntill, Smith, sailed Friday, June 26, from E. Cobb & Co., for Portsmouth.

Sch. E. Arenaline and bark John R. Stanhope are undergoing repairs at South Marine railway.

Sch. Edward Lameyer, Beals, arrived Thursday from Salem, where she discharged coal from New York.

Sch. C. Hantaban, Cookson, and M. Lucile Wood, Spaulding, are at Boston discharging sugar from Cuba.

Sch. Moses Eddy, Simonton, and Fannie & Edith, Warren, were loading lime Friday from A. F. Crockett for New York.

Capt. Leslie Bird of sch. John Bird came here Thursday. He was on the Kennebec loading lime for Philadelphia.

Sch. George Berry, Glen, was recently reported at Vineyard Haven, with plaster from Windsor bound to Richmond, Va.

Sch. J. W. Fisk is chartered to load paving and stone at Carver's Harbor for New York, for the Howland Granite Co.

The tug G. W. Price, Jr., of Philadelphia, which delivered sch. A. F. Crockett here, from Norfolk last Tuesday, took the ship's crew from Boston for some port to the westward. The Price is a very fine, powerful tug, built in 1883, and has steam winches, wrecking pumps and everything necessary in her line of business.

Sch. Chase, Snow, arrived at Owl's Head Friday, eleven days from Rockland with lime to New York and back. The previous trip Capt. Snow sailed from Rockland with lime, discharged at New York, loaded coal back to Rockland, and arrived at home port in sixteen days. Our young captain will have to look out for his laurels.

Sch. Ida L., from Rio Grande de Sul for Macao in ballast, put into Rio Janeiro May 4 (as before reported), the master reporting that the vessel had sustained damage to rigging and was making four inches water; also, that the crew had refused to go further. A survey was held and vessel was to be sold May 23. This vessel is commanded by Capt. Edward Titus of Rockland.

Attorney General Garland has given an opinion to the Secretary of the Treasury that the tonnage tax collected by vessels coming from ports and places in the West Indies, Central America and Mexico, which under the conditions specified in the 18th section of the shipping act of 1884, are exempt from the tax on arriving at ports of the United States, is in all cases due and demandable if collected before the issue of the President's proclamation suspending the collection of the tax, and that no appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury from the decision of the Commissioner of Navigation upon the validity of the collection of such tax is contemplated by the law establishing a bureau of navigation.

New York.—Charts are reported under date of June 27: Bark Surprise, 16,000 cases of timber, to Zanzibar, thence to Chittagong; Bomlay and Maritima, thence to Zanzibar, and back to New York or Boston, general cargo, 50s. per 40 cubic feet for the round, and foreign port charges; Ship J. B. Thomas, 70,000 cases of timber, to Japan, at about 27 cents; Brig Maria W. Norwood, 153 tons, from Portland to Buenos Ayres, Lumber, \$10.50; Bark Ada P. Gould, 521 tons, hence to Buenos Ayres, 10,000 Cases Oil 25 cents, remainder Lumber, \$11; Sch. Adeline E. Snow, from Brunswick to Boston, Lumber, \$9; Sch. Adeline Vesicles, 90 tons, hence to Gloucester, Salt 90 cents; Sch. Ada B. White, from Weehawken to Lynn, Coal, 90 cents; Sch. G. W. Rawley, from Weehawken to Boston, Coal, 85 cents; Sch. Lady of the Queen, and E. G. Willard, from Clinton Point to Boston, Sand, \$1.25; Sch. Susan, hence to Lynn, Flagging, \$2; Sch. Simbad, hence to Portland, Soda, private terms.

The New York Board of Trade and Transportation on June 10th, adopted the following resolution: Resolved, That the proposition embodied in the memorial of the Maritime Association of the Port of New York that "thirty cents per ton be granted by the Government for every 1,000 miles sailed by vessels, sail or steam, built and owned in the United States and engaged in foreign commerce, for ten years, after which the payment to be reduced 10 per cent. annually, is in the judgment of this board a well devised method of reviving the decaying and almost lost shipping interest of our country, and that we earnestly recommend the early consideration and adoption of the methods by Congress."

Pledges for joining the Vessel Owners and Captains' National Association, and banks containing the Resolution, have been received from among all the vessel agents of Rockland, and it is sincerely hoped that everyone who is, or should be interested in a movement of so much importance to our shipping interest will wake up to the necessity of taking some prompt action, and not allow smaller things of a private nature to crowd out what represents thousands of dollars to our community. Local organizations are being formed in other places and steps taken to support the National Association. Will Rockland lag behind in so good a cause?

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Richmond—At 26th, sch. Ada F. Whitney, Bartlett, Kennebec.

Bucksport, Ga.—Cld 23d, sch. Meyer & Muller, Perkins, New York.

CHARLESTON—Sld 23d, sch. Willie Luce, Spear, Rockport.

DANES, Ga.—Cld 23d, sch. Stephen G. Hart, Smith, New York.

GEORGETOWN, De.—Cld, sch. J. R. Bodwell, Metcalf, Newburyport.

PENACOLA—Cld 24th, sch. Morris W. Child, Torrey, Boston.

BALTIMORE—Cld 24th, sch. Lizzie M. Dunn, Potter, Portland.

FOREIGN PORTS.

At at Barcelona 11th inst, sch. Jennie R. Pillsbury, from Rockland.

At at Demerara 1st inst, sch. John K. Southey, Bulano, Boston.

At at Matanzas 18th inst, sch. Grace Bradley, Melville, New York.

Sld from Demerara 23d ult, sch. Lizzie Carr, Brown, Apalachicola.

At at St. Pierre, Mart, 3d inst, sch. Belle Brown, Perry, Barbadoes.

In port 15th, brig Mary C. Haskell, Oliver, for Cinnepachy, to sail same day.

At Matanzas 18th inst, sch. Warner Moore, Crockett, for North of Hatteras, Idg.

The Green Mountain House has been leased for the coming season by O. M. Shaw, the well known proprietor of the West End, at Bar Harbor.

The Chautauquins of Maine are to have a grand time at Marazion on Tuesday the 30th. Bands of music eminent speakers and great attractions are promised.

The Kennedys' Journal says it is authoritatively stated that there is no truth in the report that the title to the site of the proposed public building is defective.

## VALE EIGHTY-FIVE.

Our Graduates Honor Their City, Teachers and Themselves.

Friday evening before it was time for the hall door to be open Main street was blockaded by a crowd of men, women and children, anxious to obtain a seat at the graduation exercises. Before eight o'clock every seat in the hall was filled. The audience previous to the opening of exercises amused themselves by admiring the arrangement of the stage, which was hung with portieres, making a cosy and attractive room of the somewhat cheerless auditorium. On either side of the platform from were large vases of flowers and grasses; from the side lights hang baskets of flowers, while a flower stand in the right center of the stage bore a fragrant burden.

To the opening music of the Orphans' Club the class, seventeen in number, with slow martial step deployed on to the stage, followed by the teachers, committee and clergymen, and took their allotted seats, the two gentlemen of the class occupying the extreme left of the stage. The many personal attractions of the ladies of the class were enhanced by very beautiful and becoming dresses of light material, an occasional corsage bouquet of bright flowers giving color to the attractive array. After the overture and prayer by Rev. W. M. Kimmell of the Church of Immanuel, Bertha I. Bird delivered the usual salutatory addresses to the citizens, teachers and class. These addresses were in a different vein from those we generally hear and the evident sincerity of the lady's remarks and her excellent manner of delivery made the essay of more than passing interest.

Elvira L. Gonsens' essay on "Unwritten Music" was a bright one. It began with mention of the music of mythology and the weird fancies connected therewith. It spoke of the music of nature, with a neatly worded reference to the music of the frogs, illustrated by a most exact imitation of that little creature's roundelay. The music of the spheres was portrayed in vivid style. The essay was very interesting, finely delivered, and held the closest attention of the audience.

Elizabeth C. Crocker's essay was upon "Martyrs." A rather forbidding subject was skillfully made interesting. The martyrs who died for the cause of religious and political liberty were referred to as an introduction to the real substance of the article, which was that there are martyrs to-day, bringing forward as an illustration the picture of a graduating class, quaking with fear and anxiety before a disinterested audience. The poor unfortunate dulle was postured as a modern martyr. Perfect enunciation, graceful delivery and an interesting essay made this one of the best numbers of the evening.

Mabel J. Abbott spoke of the "Golden Milestones" of life, which mark our progress. All pleasant recollections of school-days, every kind act and deed, these all are mile stones to mark our journey. The essay was a thoughtful one, a pleasant thread of fancy running throughout. It was delivered in a self-possessed manner that contributed greatly to its appreciation by the audience.

One of the finest and most effective parts of the evening was the oration on "Charles Sumner" by William J. Nelson. The essay was an eulogy of the great statesman, introducing some of the most important portions of his life history. The scene and circumstances of Sumner's speech on the Missouri Compromise were portrayed in a thrilling and eloquent manner. Mr. Nelson's delivery was fine and his enunciation distinct. The applause that followed the close of this essay was loud and long continued.

"Nature's Mysteries" was the subject of Sara E. Wilson's essay. Nature is full of mysteries. We involuntarily question concerning this and that phenomena. The earth and heavens are full of mystery. Everything that lives and moves is itself a mystery. How little we know ourselves. We are born. We laugh, weep, love, droop, die. Why is all this? The essay was a splendid one, and was delivered in a very impressive manner, the large audience listening almost breathlessly, to the clear, cultivated tones of the speaker.

Grace H. Sprague's "Class History" was in many respects the best ever delivered here. The old and shop-worn references to the weight, height and ages of the class were eliminated. The class numbered 22 when it entered the school. It has been under the instruction of eleven different teachers. Frequent complimentary allusions were made to the instructors, former and present. Witty references to the different studies and caustic and bright sallies against the members of the class kept the audience on the broad grin.

Elizabeth R. Clark's subject, "Finished Lives," was an excellent one and was admirably handled. We are like the weaver at his loom. Materials good and bad are given us and from this warp and woof we must fabricate our lives. Many beautiful thoughts were deduced, and were happily stated. Miss Clark's delivery was excellent.

Minnie Brainerd's essay on "Woman's Work" was ingenious and witty. In our country every opportunity is given young men to get an education, but this is not the case with women. The women of today should not be content to know nothing of what is outside the house. It is onward and upward with the men and it should be the same with the women. It is not enough to marry. When woman has accomplished something real and tangible in life, if then a husband puts in an appearance he should be accepted as any other dispensation of providence. The essay was delivered in a bright, smart manner and was greatly enjoyed by all.

"The Golden Key" was the subject of Mary A. Wentworth's essay. He who is persistent and energetic holds the key of life. He chooses best who chooses work instead of rest. History proves this. There are many mysteries locked up in the earth. Who holds the key? Not the man who waits for something to turn up. The essay was one betokening thought and care in preparation. It was written in a smooth, easy style of diction and was admirably delivered.

"The Prophecy" by Hattie V. Hall was a very bright production. It was in verse, breezy and witty, partook not in the least of the old time style of prophecies, and was presented in a viraculous manner, that corresponded well with the style of writing. The different futures were allotted in a humorous way that greatly pleased the audience. It was, in fact, a model production of its kind.

"The Web of Life is of Mingled Yarn" by Jennie F. Willey was a beautiful essay. Our surrounding circumstances are but tangled skeins, slender threads which twine about us, and go to make up our life. Life is strange. It is a terrible enigma. The web is checkered. There are dark threads and light threads. The subject was very logically handled and the earnest and impressive way in which it was presented added to its interest and effectiveness.

Alice J. Black chose for her subject "Builders" and treated it very successfully. The builder should be familiar with his materials and the mode of putting them together. In this respect the ants set us an example. How perfectly and stupendously do they build. The church also is a great builder. We all are builders, the architects of our fortunes. The essay was one that would do credit to many an older and experienced person, and speaks well for Miss Black's powers of thought. She spoke very distinctly and carried herself gracefully.

Eden W. Porter's oration on "Our Opportunities" was a very creditable one. Everything is possible to the persevering man. The history of the great men of the world is a history of industry and perseverance. Patience, purpose and perseverance are at the root of all great deeds and discoveries. We should make the most of our opportunities and if need be create them. One interesting and telling part of the essay was the portion touching upon the danger to our nation from the ignorance of voters. The epiphany on the tombstone of dead nations is ignorance. The nation's opportunity is now to educate its people. The speaker from an old subject deduced new thoughts and presented them in a skillful manner. A pleasing stage carriage and powerful voice added to the good effect of this number.

"Can and Can't" was the subject of Elvira H. Wood's excellent essay. We all have difficult tasks before us, but can and can't should not be considered before action. Women cannot be statesmen and warriors, but there are other things they can do. Charlotte Bronte affords an excellent illustration. I can and I will are far better than I can and I can't. Throughout this essay there was a logical thread of thought, which enabled the hearers to follow the speaker understandingly. Miss Wood spoke with very careful articulation, and was distinctly heard.

Ellen J. Cochran treated of "Changes." The earth has been subjected to great changes. From vapor it was changed to liquid, from liquid to solid. Changes have taken place among mankind. Cities have sprung up in the wilderness. Our language is constantly changing. Forms of government change as well and generations of men appear and disappear. The essay was one of the most interesting of the evening, appropriate bits of history being introduced here and there. Miss Cochran's address was modest and lady-like, a musical voice and clear pronunciation more than making up for lack of power.

Ella S. Wood's essay was upon "The Shores of Nothing." A ship is sailing on a clear ocean. A storm arises and the vessel is wrecked. Our school-life has been pleasant, and we now should take care that the storms of life do not cast us away on the shores of nothing. The beautiful story of mythology of the sun and the heliopsis was effectively introduced. The essay, which was an able one, was followed by the salutatory addresses which were in excellent taste and gracefully delivered, the address to the class being especially well chosen.

W. T. Cobb of the committee in a very happy manner then presented the diplomas, after which Rev. L. L. Hanson of Pratt Memorial church pronounced the benediction, and the immense audience that had listened so long and intently slowly filed out.

The graduation was one of the most successful ever held in our city, and many claim that it was the best. The essays averaged about five minutes in length, and the wisdom of this was apparent in the interest of the audience throughout the entire program. Principal Marston and his assistants may well feel proud of the manner in which the exercises passed off. Mr. Marston has proved himself a most excellent instructor, and has the entire confidence of our people and scholars. His assistants ably second his efforts and our High School is flourishing.

The Orphans' Club's music was of a very high order and was played in a way that would do credit to any organization of the kind. The club seems to have improved greatly during the past year. It is certainly adding to its previous high reputation. The program and ode, which was written by the ladies of the class, we append.

Overture—"King of Diamonds," Lucille Prayer—Rev. Mr. Kimmell, Wagon Selection—"Fire and Rain," Wagon Salutatory—"On the Threshold," Lucille

Essay—Unwritten Music, Elvira Leonora Gonsens Essay—Martyrs, Elizabeth Clifford Crocker Essay—Golden Milestones, Mabel Josephine Abbott

Oration—"Charles Sumner," William John Nelson Gavotte—"Daisy," Sara Emma Wilson Essay—"Nature's Mysteries," Grace B. Sprague Essay—"Finished Lives," Elizabeth Evelyn Clark Essay—"Woman's Work," Minnie Brainerd

Overture—"Bridal Rose," Lucille Essay—"The Golden Key," Mary Amanda Wentworth

Class Prophecy, Hattie Vose Hall Essay—"The Web of Life is of Mingled Yarn," Jennie Florence Willey

Essay—Builders, Alice Janet Black Essay—"Can and Can't," Elvira Hanson Wood Essay—"Changes," Ellen Johnson Cochran

Valutatory—"The Shores of Nothing," Ella Sizer Wood Awarding Diplomas, Mr. W. T. Cobb

Benediction—Rev. Mr. Hanson

CLASS ODE.

We hold these lovely months of June so sweet,  
In thought and thought arise of fleeting days,  
A hush must tread in new and untrodden ways,  
In smiling with ready or reluctant feet,  
Expecting soon our future path to greet,  
A hand we June, beneath thy fading rays,  
Involuntarily to pierce the mystic mace,  
Calling the future. We together meet,  
Oiling our joyous school life here to night,  
A noble many yet won, we'll not forget  
That fortune's smile may make our future bright—  
We going forth half glad, yet with regret,  
Must quit our place now, our studies past,  
Oiling remains but and farewells at last.

The Maine Farmer's report on grass is as follows: In many places the grass was spring and winter killed and the crop will be less than an average and much below that of last year. The hoped for rains will better it, but cannot save it from falling below the average. Grass on old fields is thin, but that is always true. Most of the old hay has been used on the farm or sold. Hoed crops—These are late. A large breadth of corn is planted, while potatoes continue the leading food crop in many localities.

Belfast is raising \$2,000 to complete its soldiers' monument fund.

## SPECIALS

—AT—

## SIMONTON'S

--PARASOLS--

We have just made a very large purchase of Parasols and Sun Umbrellas, and are offering the same at much under the regular prices. Every desirable style and color, including the popular Coaching Parasol, in prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$7.00, can be found at our store.

SIMONTON BROS.

## SPECIALS

—AT—

## Simonton's.

Ladies' India Gauze Vests in long and short sleeves at 25 cts.

Ladies fine Ballbriggan Vests long and short sleeves, 50 cts.

Misses' and Children's Gauze Vests, 25 cents.

All the above are Special Bargains.

SIMONTON BROS.

## SPECIALS

—AT—

## Simonton's

From New York Auction, 4,000 yards choicest style and finest quality GINGHAMS, 8 and 10 cents, worth 12 1-2 and 15.

REMNANT PRINTS 3 cents

BEST TICKING 11 CTS.

These Tickings range in pieces from 1 to 10 yards, and in all respects equal regular goods.

500 yards extra quality Blue All-wool FLANNEL, 30 cts. worth 42 cents.

15,000 yards Brown and Bleached SHEETINGS from the great auction sale in New York at greatly reduced prices.

SIMONTON BROS.

## SPECIALS

—AT—

## Simonton's.

GREAT BARGAINS IN Pole and Ring Cornices, Curtains, Serims and Turcomans.

SIMONTON BROS.

## SPECIALS

—AT—

## SIMONTON'S

JERSEYS.

We have just received a large consignment of Plain and Braided Jerseys and the same will be sold at a Great Reduction in price.

SIMONTON BROS.

## BOSTON CLOTHING STORE!

A CANDIDATE FOR THE BOYS' DEPT.



We would respectfully invite your attention to the OPENING SALES of our Large and Carefully Selected Stock of Elegant New

## Spring Styles!

—IS—

## MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

## GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

## OUR HAT and CAP DEPARTMENT

Is full of all the The New Spring Styles and Novelties.

A Full Stock of

Trunks, Bags,

Umbrellas,

Rubber Goods, &c.

A Splendid Line of

Men's Fancy Shirts

In all the Latest Patterns.

## BOSTON

## Clothing Store.

C. F. WOOD & CO.

## E. B. HASTINGS

Opened this Morning.

AT 812 10th,

One Case, handsome style.

GINGHAMS

Only 8 cts.

NEVER sold for less than 12 1-2

## Dry Goods

A rich handsome Black Silk, 22 inches wide, worth \$1.62 for only \$1.25.

Black and Colored Satin Rhadama worth \$1.50, for 1.25 per yard.

Colored silks worth 1.25 for 1

All Wool Dress Goods 40-inch wide, never sold for less than 75 cents, only 50 cents a yard. We have an unusually fine assortment of Black Dress goods at all prices.

White Embroidered Dress Patterns, from 2.75 to \$6 each.

We have received another lot of the Brocade Dress Goods which we are selling for 12 1-2 cents a yard. These goods are a great bargain. We have them in all colors.

We have a full line of Brocade Velvet for Wraps with Chenille Fringes to match each color. Also a nice assortment of Tricots, Ottomans, etc., for Outside Garments.

Jersey Jackets, all sizes.

We are still selling the Lawns for 3 1-2 cents a yard. We also have a finer quality of Lawn in tinted ground and handsome styles, which we sell for 5 cents.

We are selling one of our 12 1-2 cent Gingham for 10 cents.

Turkey Red Table Linen, 25, 37 and 50 cents a yard. We have a large assortment of White Table Linen, Napkins, etc., to match.

Large lots of Chevoit Shirting from the great Auction Sale, which we are selling under price.

Best Quality Print only 5 cents. Satine Print 8 cents a yard.

We shall make special prices for the next Four Weeks on Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear.

We are showing a very fine assortment of Parasols and have them from 25 cents to \$8 each.

Our Embroidered Cashmere Shawls in Black, Cream, Light Blue, Pink, etc., are very handsome and stylish this season.

We carry a full line of Corsets, including the celebrated P. D. This is a very long-waisted and fine fitting corset.

We are receiving New Goods every day and shall be pleased to show them.

## E. B. HASTINGS



